

Destiny Gone Wrong

by Princess Of The Fairies

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Summary: AU: Cleo avoided Zane's prank, and they never became mermaids. Cleo's become too cool for school, Rikki's up to no good, Emma's being tormented by her evil cousin. And Bella's the new girl with a lot of secrets. Rated T for language and possible violence.

1. Prologue: Saved by the Bell

****I adore alternative reality stories. Hope you enjoy mine!**

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****PROLOGUE****

"Cleo," A voice called out to the absent-minded brunette, casually walking down the piers. "Hey Cleo!" It continued. It was local bad boy Zane. "Yes, that Cleo. I'm in some trouble here, can you help?"

>"Uh," Cleo's voice wavered. "I don't think so." She began backing away.
"Come on," Zane hid a mischevious smile. "Please? My Zodiac won't go, and all I need you to do is just pass me the tools."

>Cleo rolled her eyes and approached the boat. Zane grinned, his trap falling into place.<p>

"I'm not good with boats." She informed him.

"You'll be fine." Zane assured her.

As Cleo was about to step on the Zodiac, her phone vibrated in her jean pocket. "One second," She stepped out of the boat, making Zane's smile fade. She said "Yes, Dad." and "Alright" many times before hanging up the phone.

"Sorry Zane, that was my Dad. He wants me home as soon as possible. Sorry about your boat." Cleo said and ran back down the pier and

turned left, bumping straight into the new girl, Rikki Chadwick. Something dropped from Rikki's hand to the ground. It was a sparkplug. Cleo gasped.

"Don't say a word." Rikki demanded. "Zane will kill me."
>"That's why his boat wouldn't work..." Cleo mumbled.
"No, silly." The blonde rolled her eyes. "He was planning on tricking you, can't you see it in his smile and his eyes?" Rikki stormed off.

>"Okay..." Cleo shook her head and wandered back home.<p>

2. Cleo: From Nobody to Someone

****Please R&R and most importantly, enjoy! :) Cleo's story is somewhat based of Mean Girls (Cady) and PLL (Hanna)****

Cleo's**** POV******

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>_I didn't realize that day would be so big for me. I didn't think anything of it, that Wednesday caught me off guard. It was just another ordinary morning, with ordinary weather and ordinary routines.

As normal, I woke up at 7:00am, got myself out of bed and I walked into my en suite. I splashed cold, refreshing water over my face to wake myself up. Then I walked over to my shower, which was also a bath, and turned it onto medium-hot. I undressed myself and stepped into the warm running water. I smiled as I washed my hair, I loved morning showers. It almost guaranteed a great day, you just feel so refreshed. As I finished washing my body and hair, I got out, turned off the shower and dried my skin with a large towel, and slipped into my white dressing gown with pink hearts. My hair was still soaked, so I walked back into my bedroom, plugged in my hairdryer and blow-dried my hair. It was always curly whilst it was dry, which annoyed me slightly. I wish I had naturally straight hair. I looked over to my clock, and saw the time, which was 7:17am. I had just over 40 minutes before I had to set off for school. I thought for a second, then decided to dare myself to use a hair straightner. I never have, you see, because I normally shove my wavy brown hair into a ponytail or a plait, and that was that. But I wanted a change, I didn't like being a loser, nerd, geek, or whatever people wanted to call me. I wanted to be liked, be adored, loved. The current fashion now is straight hair, cute top and skinny jeans. Well, that was for this week, who knows what it could be next week? Fashion changed often, and it was pretty expensive.

Anyway, after hauling out some rather dusty hair-straightners from an overly-packed drawer, I sat in front of my mirror and plugged in the straightners. Waiting for them to heat up, I glanced over to a pack of new make-up. Normally, I would only wear Mascara, but it couldn't hurt to put a little bit more on, could it? I mean, a little bit of effort to match my hair would be nice. Reaching over, I nicely avoided being burnt and retrieved the make-up sat on the floor, which also had been collecting dust. This had been a present from my Aunt (whom I didn't really like). The straightners had heated up, and nibbling my bottom lip, I pulled some of my hair back, and straightened the loose hair. It didn't look too bad. Actually, it looked really good! I continued to straighten my hair until it was done. Proud of myself, I opened up my make-up bag and began to apply

foundation. After successfully blending it in, I put on some mascara, a little more than usual. Then I put on some dark-brown eyeshadow, and then finished off with clear - lip gloss and squirted on some Chanel perfume. I must admit, I looked a lot different than usual - and that was in a good way.

Standing up, I walked over to my closet and opened it up. I pulled out some dark skinny jeans, a purple halter top and some black sandals, with a bit of heel. After I had put on my selected clothes, I picked up my school purse, grabbed my phone and went downstairs. My dad was standing at the bottom of the staircase, doing his usual 'Have a good day at school' hug to Kim. He turned and faced me. He looked quite taken aback.

"My, my, Cleo. You look so grown up!" My dad cooed as he hugged me. "Are you sure you're not trying to impress a boy? Because if that's so I'll-

"I'm sure, dad." I told him before giving him a hug and waltzed out of the door and headed towards school.

As usual, the day droned on. I was definitely getting much more attention than usual. After what seemed like endless weeks, half of the school day was over, and it was lunch time.

I confidently walked into the dining hall. I didn't feel shy no more, I felt like I was breaking out of my she's-a-nobody status. Grabbing a baked potato with a side of salad, and some water, I began to walk down the rows of dinner tables, and towards the outdoor benches. Even though I had transformed my appearance, my only friends were Emma and Lewis. Suddenly, I heard someone call out.

"Hey, you!" The voice said. It was female. "Over here!"

I turned around. None other than Miriam Kent - Queen Bee - was waving me over. _Great. _She probably had a snarky comment to bring me down. Reluctantly, I shifted over towards her table.

"You're Cleo Sertori, right?" Miriam smiled sweetly. I nodded. "Why don't you come sit with us?" Tiffany nodded as Miriam spoke.

I was taken aback by her offer. _The _Miriam Kent wanted me to sit with her and her clique. Without hesitation, I sat down, facing the popular blonde. As if I had been a long-term friend, the pair began talking about girly things, such as fashion, boys, shopping, parties. I was pretty honoured to be included in all of this. Sudden, Miriam stopped talking and faced me. My heart began to beat fast - maybe she realized she was talking to a loser.

"You know, since our old buddy Samantha left this school, we've been considering adding a member to our inner-circle. Since you're pretty damn hot, and seriously cool to talk to, I've decided that you fill the role perfectly. Me and Tiff will teach you how to wrap everyone around your little finger, you'll be able to get what you want, when you want it. What d'you say?" Miriam's voice was far from sarcastic.

"Really?" I asked, doubling checking if she wanted me to be a part of their clique. The two nodded smugly. With a grin on my face, I tossed back my hair and nodded. "Damn right!"

Miriam smirked, and stood up from the table, and me and Tiffany followed her actions. "Then it's settled." She linked her arms with Tiffiany, and then me. "I promise you, you will not regret this."

And just like that, I instantly became dorky loser to a part of Miriam's group. Everyone suddenly knew my name, everyone because interested in me. I decided who was cool and who's not. I could start fashion trends. I didn't give a care in the world, because finally, I was _someone_.

End
file.